

IN
SUNSET LAND.

KATHERINE S. NICHOLS.

A. Dean and Jean M. Larsen
Yellowstone Park Collection



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IN ·
SUNSET
LAND.

KATHERINE S. NICHOLS.

These pen-pictures of the fair and grand,
O, reader and friend I bring to thee:
Things in our far-away summer land,
That trend to shore of the western sea.

EDWARD H. NICHOLS
PRINTER AND PUBLISHER.
HAVERHILL, MASS

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1889

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SUNSET LAND.

Land of sunshine, land of wonders,
Wilds with novel forms replete,
Land of every change of climate,
Frost and cold or torrid heat.

Rich in quaint and startling beauty,
Is this sunset wonderland,
With its cañons, vales and sea-shore,
Lowlands, hills, and mountains grand.

From Alaska's glacial rivers,
Pressing through the wastes of snow,
From the heights where fall large ice-blocks,
Plunging down to depths below.

Broad Columbia rolls her waters
In a mighty flood along,
Rolling on 'mid glowing wonders
Tuned to nature's primal song.

And lone Shasta's high head hoary,
Rises o'er a glacial flow,
With broad moraines, the lands tree-crowned,
And green meadows spread below.

And from the high eastern border,
Where the golden sun gleams bright,
O'er the Yellowstone's teeming wonders,
Glory-rays in morning light.

O'er the rocky tips of mountains
And along the lowlands green,
Through the cañon's pillared wildness
To light the geyser founts of steam.

Along the Coast Range, and Sierra's
Topmost head in snowy veil,
Through wilds, where roam bear and panther
To Yosemite's wonder-dale.

O'er cliffs, fanned by white-winged sea-birds,
Where the wild waves surge and roar,
Through Golden Gate to bay land-locked
And ship-lined, along its shore.

Steepled cliffs on the curling sea-shore,
And the moss-strewn, wave-washed sand,
O'er points storied, and fanes temped,
To the flower-decked hills of land.

Cratered mountains, where flames lurid
Rose to light the barren plain,
Inky smoke that spread its darkness
O'er the fields now bright with grain.

To the treeless waste and dreary,
Of the burning, barren land,
Where the cacti bloom to brighten
The dry dunes of yellow sand.

Bright Sunset-land, our wonderland
That slopes to the western sea,
Where hills are veined with ore golden
And metal to set it free.

Where spread lakes like seas of silver,
And rivers in mighty flow,
That spring from cold beds glacial,
'Neath high mountains crowned with snow.

Where long hills are green with grasses,
And valleys are filled with grain,
Orange trees, brown and olive,
Crown the hillside, vale and plain.

And here, on this soil, so fruitful,
By the aid of wealth and skill
Sand dunes change to homes of beauty,
Art is traced o'er vale and hill.

For an end, and to things higher,
The people draw on every hand,
Thus to brighten and make useful,
Point and space in Sunset-land.

And abroad, 'mong nations foreign,
Has this greatness won a name,
So, that wonders in Sunset-land
Have ever a growing fame.

WILD FLOWERS.

ESCHOLTZIA.

(CALIFORNIA LILY.)

Of the many flowering glories,
That adorn the sunset land,
The escholtzia most profusely,
Brightly blooms on creamy sand.

Over every hill and hollow,
Lifts it up its golden head;
Painted cups in brilliant clusters,
Deck the violet's fragrant bed.

When sun-rays and winds of springtime
Warm the land and melt the snows,
It blooms larger then and brighter,
Like spring buds it thriving grows.

Blooms beside the bright-eyed 'pansy's
 Quaint faced flowers that children 'prize,—
Coreopsis and nemophila's
 Pretty bright blue baby's eyes.

And throughout the year of sunshine,
 The dry months and months of rain,
Blooms in beauty 'neath the hedges,
 And in shade upon the plain.

O'er Sierra's lower mountains,
 Fairer in a snowy white,
Mottled with pale gold and crimson,
 Dazzling in its beauty bright.

As yellow and red field lillies
Bloom on the Atlantic coast,
Escholtzias on the Pacific
Spread their brilliant golden host.

Bearing semblance to the lily,
It receives from this its name,
And though common is prized fitly,
As the lily is its fame.

BABY'S EYES.

NEMOPHILA.

Sweet Baby's eyes of starry blue,
That tender, wonder-wide and true,
Ope mid the young spring's grass and grain,
When earth is moist with winter's rain.

Like daisies fair that star the meads,
Or iris that blooms among the reeds,
Low on the ground, its smiling eyes
Look up to deep cerulean skies.

As looks a child with steady gaze
Up from amid the grassy maze,
In trust, that all the winds that move,
Will come to it with perfect love.

They brighten through spring's sunny days
The grove and field and narrow ways,
With coreopsis' yellow bloom,
That flaunts its gold in higher room.

So wake anew mid grass and thyme,
Bright Baby's Eyes each new spring-time,
When in the meadows soft and clear,
The lark and linnet sing with cheer.

MANZANITA.

ARCTOSTAPHYLOS GLAUCA.

Richly dark-veined manzanita,
Red-brown, veining with the white,
Growing fair in copse and dingle,
Glowing, ever, with the light.

Close-set branches, thick with green leaves,
On the trees, o'er hill and plain,
Gleam in bright and glossy sparkle,
As though wet with dew or rain.

Shining as by rain-drops varnished
Through the days supernal light,
Shining when the stars and moonbeams,
Shower their glories on the night.

But when clustered snowy blossoms,
Glow amid the leaves so fair,
And their waxen bells like censers,
Pour sweet perfume on the air.

From their snowy plumes sweet-scented,
Waxen white with lustrous green,
Pure waxen flowers and glossy leaves,
O the wondrous, glowing sheen !

Through them sunlight weaves its blushes,
Fair as tints of rosy dawn,
Oh, the blooming manzanita,
Sweet as breath of sunny morn !

Blossoms, pure as love in pureness,
 Deepening into rosy rays;
But like faith the green leaves cluster,
 Clinging through the winter days.

And ere winter days are over,
 Usher they the blooming spring,
While through fields of grain and clover,
 Glad bird-voices sweetly ring.

SNOW-FLOWER OF THE SIERRA.

SARCODES SANGUINEANA.

On Sierra's sunset mountains
In the glow of supernal light,
Amid the snow, cold and eternal,
That crowns their everlasting height.

And on all the lower pathways
And steep trails up the mountain side,
Grows the red-flower; bright *Sarcodes*,
Sanguineana in its pride.

And bright in a crimson glory,
The crimson set in waxen white,
Crimson stem and leaves and petals,
With crimson bells glow in the light.

In white fair as Alpine's blossom,
The Alpine snow-flower Edelweiss,
That climbs highest snow-clad mountains,
And blooms amid the snow and ice.

And as blooms 'neath snow in pine woods,
Along the blue Atlantic's shore,
On Arbutus' trailing green vines,
The rose-tinted sweet snow-flower.

So fair Sierra's flower, Sarcodes,
Blooms beneath deep banks of snow;
Grows and forms in perfect blossom,
When no tints of crimson show.

But a brilliant crimson-red glow,—
When June with flowers and song is gay,—
Crowns this blossom of rare beauty,
As sunset clouds June's eve of day.

Crimson color, that comes only,
When summer's sun shines warm in day,
Climbing highest in the blue heaven,
Melts from around it, snow away.

Then the sun paints in deep blushes,
While it is fanned by summer's breeze,
Crimson touches that glow brightly,
Amid the snow and greening trees.

Its pellucid stem then colors,
Crimsons alike its bells and leaves,
That like tongues of flame shoot round it
As o'er the white the color weaves.

Sequoia trees lift high above it,
Their lofty heads in summer air,
While by pathways leading to them
It gleams in beauty, bright and rare.

Through snowy wastes of dazzling white
The showy flower opens conelike
And shines in its bright red color
From its long hyacinthine spike.

In mountain wastes, it springs smiling,
And thus it greets the traveller's eye ;
As love to weary hearts and lonely
Comes with bright greetings from the sky.

“JACOB’S LADDER OF THE HIGH SIERRAS.”

“Polemonium Confertum” of Mt. Dana 10,000 feet above the Sea.

“Bright purple flowers in cluster.”

Flowers most aspiring of the race
Seeking for broad and higher space,
Beneath the blue skies arching dome,
They climb aloft for sheltering home.

Here high outspread in royal robes,
O'er Yo-Semite's tall half globes,
Where from deep sky, bright orbs of night,
Pour over them their starry light.

They bloom with beauty, in sunlight,
In clusters on this lofty height,
Where o'er them is no higher grade,
No tree or shrub to cast a shade.

Here first the sun in morning sprays
On their high bed its golden rays,
And folds them in a sunny bloom,
And shields from cheerless, frosty doom.

In quiet lone, they flower and grow
Where dwells the pure, eternal snow;
Its ice-cold sheets around them spread,
That melts beneath in glacial bed.

In cool air ever, pure and sweet,
Sun, moon and stars, they early greet,
Before the brilliant splendors glow
On tender flowers, that lower grow.

And here, they crown the crest, so lone,
Of this high mountain's snow-tipt cone,
With color bright amid the cold,
Fair as the flowers in garden-fold.

And mounted they to this lone height,
On threads of mist from gloom of night?
Or on the dreary storm-cloud's breast,
When rolling up, from its gray nest?

Or on waves of ethereal air,
When morning gleams in sunlight fair?
Or, on golden ropes, the sun sent down
For dew, climbed they to the mountain's crown?

To glow, where sweet-flower bloom is rare,
Mid bleak lone nature's sweeter air,
And please the tourist's artist-eye,
When these he finds, so near the sky.

In starry wonder, here, to nod,
So near to heaven, alone with God.
Where over peaks loud thunders ring,
And glacial waters, leap and sing.

THE SEASONS.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Midwinter! O can this be?

So like the balmy spring;

Together the lark and linnet

In meadows carol and sing.

Their few and soft warbling notes,

Tender and sweet and gay,

Through all the fleeting warm hours

Of this bright sunlit day.

While up the green hills we climb,

To gather young spring flowers;

The hills that lately were drenched

With surging rain in showers.

The white flowers that mid green grass
Have opened their starry eyes,
In tiny green shell-like cups,
Give a pleasing surprise.

Bright little yellow-tuft glows
Down by the rivulet's edge ;
And the violet meekly grows
Nearer the rocky ledge.

With many a blossom sweet
Of the flowery month of May,
That here and now for us bloom
This lovely spring-like day.

But now the afternoon sun
Shines with a pale white glow;
That faintly suggestive is,
Of winter's cold and snow.

And time of the year he marks
By the early hour, that he
Trends down the west from our sight,
O'er the Pacific sea.

Thither to come from the land,
Of the white-frost and snows;
Where the cold icy-sharp breath
Of the bleak north wind blows.

Where the hills and mountains grand
Seem only piles of snow ;
And the ponds, rivers and lakes
Are all ice-bound below.

To the paler, soft blue sky,
And spring-like balmy air ;
Of this milder western clime,
Oh, how sweet ! and how fair !

A FEBRUARY MORNING.

IN LOS ANGELES VALLEY.

A bleak icy wave, from
The Sierra-peaks bold,
From the starry frost wreaths,
That crown their high heads
Of white glistening snow,
Eternal and cold,
Now sweeps down, and in through
The cañons deep beds.

Through the long grassy vales
Green as in summer,
Where blooms the white lily,
The pink and the rose ;

And the brooks glide singing,
With soft low murmur;
To where the citron, lemon
And orange fruit grows.

The bright flowers are all wet,
With the glassy dew-drops,
And the blades of green grass
Are glinting like stars,
While linnets and meadow-larks
Sing in the tree-tops,
Their sweet morning songs,
All unmeasured by bars.

Transformed, the clear dew-drops
To white pearls and opals,
Has the mountain Frost King
In this bold sally ;
Hanging the green grass blades
And leaves with crystals ;
In the fair and beautiful
Los Angeles valley.

A glistening, starry,
Fairy, beauty of frost ;
The tinted, feathery white,
Orange groves présent ;

In their crystalline robe
 Deep green and gold lost,
In this picturesque, quaint
 And novel event.

But the morning's warm sun,
 In its splendor bright,
On this feathery ice,
 Of green, gold and white gleams
And the fairy frost-work
 Filled with bright wonder light,
Melts fleetly away
 Like all beautiful dreams.

AFTER THE WINTER RAINS.

When the rains of winter have ceased
Brightly then glow the sun's warm rays ;
Pure and sweet the ethereal air,
Soft and calm are the spring-time days.

Then sifts a gold light through the rich green,
That wraps its robe o'er the rolling hill :
Dashed with amber the mountains lie
And fairy forms the valleys fill.

With escholtzias dotted and gemmed,
Hills lie shimmering in their gold,
While a mantle of violet shades,
Wrap o'er others in tender fold.

The larkspurs, lowly, and tiny bells
Carpet the valleys with their blue,
And fairest flowers on hillsides nod,
Bright and sparkling with drops of dew.

The star-grass purple and lupine blooms
Mingle with ferns in sunny nooks,—
Where many a flower of golden hue
Has strayed away from meadow brooks.

And glows all nature clear, pure and bright,
Sky revealing a cloudless blue,
The buds unfolding on lofty trees,
Rainbows arching in drops of dew.

Larks are singing in every field,
Thrilling with music the morn's repose ;
Sweetly warbling when the golden sun
First on the high green hill-top glows.

Robin-Redbreast away in the woods,
Wakes the echoes upon the hill ;
Thrushes and linnets then flock in crowds
All the by-ways and lanes to fill.

Sparrows in grey beneath tufts of grass,
Tenderly sing their little notes,
Blue-birds and black-birds sing their soft tunes, —
From vale to hill the music floats.

When twice the new moon's circle lays,
 Low in the western evening sky ;
Throughout the valleys and on the hills,
 Both grass and flowers are sere and dry.

Burning with heat is the waste of sand,
 Parched and dry is the garden soil,
And brick-like lie the adobe hills,—
 Man and beast in weariness toil,

Fields stretch away through the valleys wide,
 Yellow as gold with ripened grain ;
Touching the hills of a russet brown,
 Lining the pathway through the plain.

Warm shines the sun through lengthening days,
Soft blows the breeze from the western sea,
Hazy vapor on wings of the air,
Floats far o'er the shadowy lea,

Veils the brown hills in a gauzy blue,
Softens tints of russet and dun,
Hides the rough outline of rugged hills.
Tempers rays of the evening sun.

The valleys, stretching far from the shore,
Through long still noons, in sunshine glow ;
Dreamily glimmers the heated air ;—
Sounds of Nature are hushed and low.

Till heavy laden, vapory clouds,
 Breaking, display a gold-tipped rift,
Then the winds roll back the mist, to spread
 Above the hills a snowy drift.

And sun-rays paint with a ruby hue,
 The foamy drifts of vapory snow ;
And the eastern sky, and hills, and bay,
 In purpling red and crimson glow.

Drifting the sand dunes, here and there,
 As winds drift snow in a colder clime ;
Sifting dust through crevice and crack,
 But sifting no snow in winter time.

Steadily blowing, bracing and cold,
Through all the waning hours of day ;
And hushing to sleep, when stars come out,
Like weary children tired of play.

Cool, as the cool breath of Boreas,
But strongest in midsummer time ;
Coming in with the summer months,
And going out with the summer's rhyme.

TRADE WINDS.

Blow, summer wind, o'er the sea, blow !

Your west breezes, blow loud

In storm of vapor-cloud,

In light and airy shroud ;

Blow the mist up white, like the snow.

Blow your storm-breath high in the swell !

Blow it pure, sweet and cool,

In the soft wavy roll,

In the feathery-light scroll ;

Blow it up from the sea's deep well.

Blow, foam-crested waves to the shore,
 Against rocks high to dash,
 With a break and a crash ;
 With a roar and a rush,
Shoot high in the spray-fronded spire.

Blow it in o'er dunes of the sand ;
 Blow it, deep space to fill ;
 Blow white foam o'er the rill,
 Fringe it round the high hill,
Lay it gray in the valleys of land.

Pile mist robes above the green sea,
And light on the spray sift;
Blow clouds of snowy drift,
Like sun-rays through the rift,
To star with gold the grey o'er the lea.

At rest, with your angry breath spent,
Arch in spray the rainbow,
On the hills of mist snow;
Let a bright color glow
Of sapphire with gold and green blent.

And along the sky, burnished lines lay,
 Soon to melt in the grey,
 So to sleep hours away,
 To renew the fairy play,
When noon sun shines in the new day.

Blow cool your breath, wind of summer,
 And thick in, from the sea,
 White as flowers in the lea,
 Blow it swift, blow it free,
With the day to die in low murmur.

Blow to the sound of the sea-waves' roar,
In their loud breaking peals,
To the call of grey gulls,
And bellow of the seals,
Heard afar, on the long sandy shore.

Blow in a boon rich, fresh and free,
In bold rush, with no stealth;
Blow to cheer, to give health;
Blessings greater than wealth,
To the dwellers by the Sunset-Sea.

AFTER THE WINDS.

When back from the roar
Of the ocean's shore,
The colder winds creep away in the west,
Far over the free,
Calm violet sea,
Ever obeying fair nature's behest.

Then come soft fine days,
With the sun's mild rays
Like the sowing time, which comes in the spring,
But fields are not green,
No green hills are seen,
And no gold-robin is now heard to sing.

Though strong winds that blew
With summer days flew ;
Yet the cool, sweet breath, from off the green sea,
Spreads over the land
Like magic's fleet wand
That transforms the earth with its mystery.

The few gentle showers
Refresh the wild flowers
That bloom throughtout the long year and that bring
Up grasses again,
O'er hill and o'er plain,
And wake the autumn to semblance of spring.

Yet no song is heard
Or chirp of a bird
Of the many that sing when springtime comes ;
Nor any sweet tune
From the birds of June ;
No song of the lark with the autumn suns.

Now garnered are sheaves,
And the fallen leaves
Lie brown and scattered, down under the trees ;
Earth in pensive hush
With no brooks to rush,
And quiet as soft as hum of the bees.

• The hills and the dales
 And water it veils,
In the fairest phase, of a changing haze,
 In the softest shades
 Of gossamer grades,
And dreamy and fair soft beauty displays.

 The sunshine shimmers,
 And softly glimmers
Over all the land in opaline rays;
 With the sapphire glow
 The cloud-pillars show
When the sun goes down in these quiet days.

Can all the graces
Of the world's places
Vie with this sweet charm in the things around?
With nature so fair,
The earth and the air,
In the softened lights that all things surround.

This long, tender calm,
Comes like a sweet balm,
After winds are gone that blew in the west;
And a glad release
Is this grace of peace
In this charm of beauty and quiet rest.

SEPTEMBER.

A cooling breath from the foam-white sea,
Throbs in playfulness, gentle and free,
Through the sweet peace of nature, and thrills
In soft white light o'er the misty hills.

From trees, that bend o'er the stream's deep bed,
And their shadows on the low water shed,
And a sweet spicy fragrance it brings
Of green bay leaves, on its viewless wings.

Glides through the vale with the tress long line,
And below the brown hills they entwine,
Where timid quails hide, and squirrels play,
And the mock-bird sings his sweet-voiced lay.

Through the town's rolling, long sunlit street,
As swift moving life in by-ways meet,
So it sweeps away the misty gray
And plays with tangles of silvered ray.

The winds creep back from the sandy shore,—
Their loud breathing sound is heard no more.
O'er the low hills or the dimpled lea,
Naught but murmur of the restless sea.

Welcome, welcome ye calm mellow days,
Soothing as sunset's peace bringing rays,
That follow the swift-rolling storms of air,
As the silence that follows a prayer.

OCTOBER.

October days
With purpling maze
Of Indian summer's softest haze,
And beauty's claim
Of quiet reign
O'er dew-veiled hill and misty plain.

The irised bow
Of sun hangs low,
And down the west, a gold-red glow
Lies on the sea
Like "Peace to thee"
From Him who walked *The Galilee*.

As full tides teem
Life's mottled stream
Goes down the street, as in a dream,
Nor wait, nor stay,
Like shadows they
Pass, one by one, in mist away.

I muse and think
How life-paths link :—
We mingle here, then pass the brink
To endless life ;
While earth is rife
With weary toil and busy strife.

The misty veil
Shuts in the sail
That waits for us ; nor do we hail
Till we pass through
Beyond the view
Of all our earthly loved and true.

And sweetly blest,
May we to rest
Go, leaning on our dear Lord's breast,
Till we, above,
Rest, like a dove
Forever joyful in his love.

NOVEMBER IN CALIFORNIA.

The cool south wind brings again,
Signs of quickly coming rain :

 We welcome the hour,
When we hear the winds low sigh,
And from dark clouds moving by,
 Out, pours the shower.

Over hill and vale is seen
Springing grasses, tender green,
 And so fresh with dew ;
Now, the white and fleecy clouds,
Some alone, and some in crowds
 Of fairies in the blue,

Sunny days, and sometimes showers,
Bring again the summer flowers ;
 With the roses bright,
Escholtzias in sheltered nooks,
Forget-me-nots near the brooks,
 Blue bells cheer our sight.

On highest heights, snow has come ;
We know by the paling sun,
 That is coldly white ;
While green vales, so weird they look,
Like spring with the winter shook
 And a shade of night.

We leave fog and dusty days,
Grey mists, that on mountain lays ;
And with motion fleet,
To this, the first month of showers,
And new life, brought with its hours,
We hasten to greet.

THE DECEMBER RAIN.

Now comes the dense rain ! rain ! rain !

Up over the hill, down over the plain

It streams, now a lull, then it streams again

In dark threads of rain ! rain ! rain !

From the grey cloud-fleets,

In shrouds and in sheets,

Till the day is filled with the raining beats,

And dull with sounds of the rain.

But steadily falls the rain ;

More slowly it comes, now faster again,

Over the city, and over the plain,

Fall the showers of rain ! rain ! rain !

Falls in wide-spread sheet,
Like the blinding sleet,
And gullies the hills and the mountains steep,
With swift brooks formed by the rain.

Fast and yet faster it pours,
The driving rain, and naught else before us
But tangled streams and loud wind in chorus,
That with the fast rain-beat scores ;
With a splash and dash,
And with a loud rush,
When break the waters their bounds with a crash—
Then free, it tumbles and roars.

Now it floods the islands and plains,—
With the heavy force of her gloomy strains,
Let music its deep and doleful peans
Sing sadly her dull refrains;—
Water swells and flows,
And noisily rolls,
Down deserted streets, in foamy white scrolls,
High over sluices and drains.

Still it falls, the rain! rain! rain!
O the streaming, dripping and tiring rain!
Will never it cease its raining again?
To hope and hope, is it vain?—

Lo ! the sun shines bright.
Sky blue, the clouds white.
And waters sing lullaby's in the light
With glad and joyous refrain.

Now to the wonderful sun ;
For rapid bright change and victory won,
The earth and the sky now rejoice as one
For rays of the golden sun,
That with softer glow,
Than sunbeams on snow,
Wakes all to new life, above and below—
When this “beautiful rain” is over and done.

ON THE SEA SHORE.

SHELL BEACH.

SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA.

There's a rocky beach by shelving cliffs,
Where the waters beat in shining drifts,
But only when they are at ebb and low
Can footsteps over the grey rocks go.

There many a molusk clinging dwells,
And the limpets line the rock-carved wells ;
And star-fish and flecked cypria grow,
In all their yellow and crimson glow.

Sea-gulls fly over in grey-white flocks,
Where abalones cling to the rocks :
And here and there, a pearl-oyster is found,
Where radiant sunbeams fall around.

The casa-rufra here glows in his house ;
And ruffled murex as a grey mouse.
Hangs clinging beneath the lip of a rock—
Bright waves dash o'er them, with no harsh shock.

Beautiful spirals in slender form
And the cone-shaped, cling in places warm,
With grey sea-urchins in spiny robe—
Nor fear a fall from their rocky globe.

The univalve conch, with many whorls,
Cling safe, from all the rapacious merles :
Turbinates varied in form and size,
That delight and please the searchers' eyes.

Varied the forms of beautiful shells ;—
And molusk within on grey rock dwells ;—
But no flowery moss or kelp wave near,
For only shells on these rocks appear.

KELP BEACH.

SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA.

Over a fair little sandy beach,
That bounds the high-tide's watery reach,
Float in ripples of crimson and white,
The moss-like kelp to glow in the light.

It sprinkles the bright and shining sand,
Like roses scattered in garden-land,
With colors as bright as line the shells
Where the wonderful little molusk dwells.

And bright as flowers in a sunny bed,
Dashed with the fragrance the salt waves shed,
But one kind only, as from like seed,
With, now and then, sprays of green sea-weed.

Here the rosy-red and ivory white
Gleam in the sunshine with golden light ;
Fresh from their bath in the briny waves,
They glow as roses when June shower laves.

Thus, brilliant kelp from the ocean caves,
Tossed on the beach by silvery waves ;
Like gleaming light in shimmering vein,
Plays through the waves that roll back again.

With the spring-time tides in ebb and flow,
Ever in beauty they come and go,
Ever, as the months and years roll round,
With unchanging sway in their narrow bound.

PESCADERO.

On the long reach of the ocean shore,
Is this pebbly beach, where wild waves roar,
For here, there is formed a pebbly lea,
By sweep of the tide from open sea.

It washes them in as the seasons pass,
And levels them down in deepening mass,
Small and varied in form and hue,
From sea-bath brighter than meads in dew.

Varied in tint as are precious stones,
Veined like the agate in rounded zones,
Mottled as the murre's eggs' speckled shells,
That freckle the cliff, where the sea-bird dwells.

Like the eggs albumen watery white,
Semi-transparent in strong sun-light,
Or as dewy opals with sapphire pent
Within their white film and lightly blent.

Gay beach sparkling as with rare rich stones,
When sea and rain has washed o'er their zones,
Though browns are many and reds are few,
Emerald sparkles with topaz and blue.

Purple and hyacinth glow in the maze,
Where the pale amethyst gleam its rays;
A kingdom of beauty from ocean won,
To glitter its wealth in the beaming sun.

From whence and why in marshalling troop
Are swept in here this varied group,—
As ever the circling years move round,—
Where mosses and shells are rarely found.

Nature has ever a way and plan,
As is e'er revealed to the mind of man;
Its deeper mystery to him will shine
With knowledge greater from the Divine.

MOSS BEACH.

SOQUEL—NEAR SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA.

A narrow, smooth and long sandy beach,
That ends with high walling cliffs;
Rocky cliffs, that jut into the sea,
Where waves roll in foaming drifts.

A mountain brook flows down by the cliffs,
Warbling in silvery line,
To mingle with waves of ocean grey,
And sparkle with salt sea-brine.

Back from the shore in a rocky bed,
Flows down through a narrow wold,
Singing its song to the ferns and trees
Where the sunshine glints its gold.

Down through a green-wooded mossy dell,
And under the leafy trees,
That wave tall branches in wind and storm,
And in gentle salt sea-breeze.

While over the sand the bright-flecked waves,
Fling around in crimson showers,
Beautiful mosses of rosy hue,
To glow as a field of flowers.

Beautiful mosses, crimson and white,
Some with a bright scarlet glow ;
The fairest pink in a lap of white,
That rivals the riven snow.

Delicate mosses with slender threads,
And fine as a spider weaves ;
The slender branches spread neath the waves,
Tremble with gossamer leaves.

From whence come these in body and group,
From grotto's where mermaids dwell?
Did they fling them out from flowery caves,
To glow with the waters swell?

Hither to come in fairy-like grace ;
And sprinkle this green-sea strand,
With brilliant colors and beautiful forms
To gleam amid golden sand?

And where the brook comes into the sea
With twigs to lodge in rock-lair,
The mosses cling and dangle and wave,
Like the mermaid's flossy hair.

Beautiful moss that floats in with the waves,
To brighten the sea-washed sand,
While over the cliffs the spring flowers bloom,
Bright flowers, that grow from the land.

THE SEA-ANEMONES.

SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA.

Beneath the tall and rugged cliffs,
That wall this wild ocean shore,
Are flat rocks, where anemones
Dwell amid the waves loud roar.

In mossy-lined, rounded hollows,
That lie like bowls in the rocks;
Where sweep the high tides, in and out,
Amid the grey granite blocks.

In bright purple beauty spreading,
Kissed by the incoming tide;
Or in flowery glow they sparkle,
As amid the moss they hide.

Here the wild sea's flowers are blooming
In crimson and golden glow,
Or as white, as when the moonbeams
Make sea-foam like drifting snow.

And at outward touch the lightest,
They fold the fringe of their bloom,
As folds at touch the mimosa's
Sensitive leaf in green gloom.

Thus on grey rocks in their beauty,
In a quaint and lovely bed,
Or clinging to craggy ledges—
In radiant bloom they are spread.

And if by force they are wrested,
From their wild and rocky bed,
They beam a flower-bloom no longer,
But lie as a ball of lead.

So with larger things in nature,
They have a place and a sphere,
Where e'er unchanged, they must remain,
In beauty and grace to appear.

THE SINGING SAND.

Where cliffs are massed in sombre dark gray,
And dreary sand-dunes spread far away,—
Desolate and quaint by the western sea,—
Where wild waves moan of now and to be.

Strange as novel is a singing beach,
Along this lone wild of the ocean reach,
And sounds come up, as from Undine's band,
When footsteps wend o'er the creamy sand.

Musical sounds and pleasing as strange,
And newly known on this long Coast Range,
Varied with force of disturbing shock,
Prolonged with the motion of cradle-rock.

The whispering leaves and moaning pines,
The sighing breezes and wailing winds,
Loud babbling brooks and soft rippling rills,
The grand old mountains and rock-veined hills.

Long have the poets their praises sung—
In strains familiar through ages have rung;
But it is left to this age more grand,
To add the praise of the singing sand.

THE CLIFFS.

SUTRO'S HEIGHTS.

Lifting high anear the sandy shore,
Where long waves dash and the breakers roar,
Where sea-lions play in the bright spring sun,
And wild waves roar, while its course is run.

Here dark cliffs rise in huge massive blocks,
Thrown up by the force of earthquake shocks,
Amid sand dunes, unmoved by wild storms,
They stand in beauty veiled in rock forms.

Massive and grand, their forms uplift high,
As Sequoia trees toward the blue sky,
Crowned with flowering shrubs and sylvan shades,
With graceful forms over walls and grades.

And many are the flowers and works of art,
In graceful groups, or scattered apart,
Beneath, and in shade of fragrant pines,
Or by shelving rocks in bold outlines,

On these swelling cliffs, that slope, far back,
In rolling ground waves to the open park,
Or, on the steep cliffs, that in grandeur stand,
Great with storied gift from storied land.

SAN LORENZO BAY.

SANTA CRUZ.

The sail-boats, white-winged, glide over the bay,
As pale moonbeams on the glassy waves stray :
The land slopes down to the water's edge,
And around far hills the green pines hedge.

Over the bluff is the surging sea
Swelling the song of now and to be ;
Over the bluff is the long white shore,
And sea-mosses flower its sandy floor.

Ships sail to the north, ships sail to the south,
To many a harbor and river's mouth ;
Sail down the west to a sunny noon
Of Islands rich in a tropical bloom.

Sail away to the chorus of wailing winds,
That to the shore the white sea-fog wings,
While it tosses and whirls the foam-white spray,
As winds and waters in concert play.

O moon-bright waves, of the land-hemmed bay,
That press in from the sea in peace to lay:—
Here, from the city's dull, wearying hum,
From its sea of storm-life to rest, I come.

To rest in the grace of thy morn and noon,
Where sails lift white in light of the moon,
Here, on the shore of this restless sea,
That ever some lesson repeats to me.

MISCELLANEOUS.

YO SEMITE VALLEY.

When above the long pine-covered slopes,
Of Nevada's green mountain heights,
Midway to lone peaks of Sierra,
Where alone makes the eagle her flights.

And still, as at dawn of creation,
Lie cold these lone heads in the snow,
That golden in the sunlight of morning
And silver in the moon's paler glow.

Here a broad annd smooth level spreads out,
Now is green with grasses and vines,
And mottled with the lily's white flower,
Half-encircled with narrow leafed pines.

From walled sides of a nearing abyss,
Domes and peaks lift up as in row,
And the massed rock and column goes down,
To the bed of the valley below.

We follow down a steep winding trail,
To reach the deep laid valley bed,
In a broad space between rocky hills,
With low bushes and wild grass inspread.

Here strange wonders in mighty rock form,
And airy grace, burst on the sight,
Waters fall in a veil of white mist,
O'er the rock-wall that climbs to vast height.

“El-Capitan,” great guard of the vale,
Climbs above its towering rim,
A titanic creamy-white column:
And round his head the summer-birds skim.

The Merced runs through the long valley,
From the falls where it whirls and rushes,
And through the long green sunny meadows,
Fringed by tall trees and the bushes.

And sings through the wild unmown meadows,
Where prostrate lie trunks of large pines,
Brown, dappled with golden fringed mosses,
As the meadows with shrubs and vines.

High are sharp peaks that lean as to leap,
With the "Cathedral's" towering spires,
Where the snow drops away in rain tears,
Melted by the sun's morning fires.

And the "Brothers," the clustering "three,"
By each other lovingly stand,
Towering in such grandeur and pride,
As holding all power in their hand.

"Bridal-veil," wind-blown from the portal,
Floats out, yet cannot bridge the wide space,
To wave round and enfold the monarch,
And soften his sides with its grace.

With a beauty more clinging it charms,
Drops its thread of diamonds and pearls,
To gleam in the light feathery spray,
With rainbows in the glittering whirls.

Here the vale opens like the deep basin
Of a long ago inland sea,
Where the waters for ages had fled
And the bed left a green grassy lea.

And its great wonders crowd on the view,
Before and on every side,
By the mist veil of showering pearls
Or in, where the meadows are wide.

Crowned with domes, the mighty rock titans
In splendor lift up to the day,
And the massive long granite columns,
Their shadows in the still water lay.

And in thunders, like break of sea-waves,
The waters pour down the high wall,
In rivers of white crystals and pearls,
The Yo-Semite's long waterfall.

These monarchs of the valley's walled sides,
Shoot above in straight and smooth block,
Their tops in point, or capped in round dome,
Solid shafts of grey granite rock.

And these mighty titanic monarchs,
Our wonder-gaze claim and fasten ;
And their grandeur of size so sublime,
Commands awe, which never can lessen.

This valley of quaint wonder and charm,
Of green meadows and fields of grain,
Crystal-clear the river glides through it,
Singing ever a musical strain.

Trees symmetrical throw their outline
High against the smooth granite wall,
Or in grace lean over the river,
On the waters let leaf shadows fall.

And there glows a deep mirror-like lake,
Beside the green grassy meadows,
Where the titanic forms of massed rock
Lay down their clear immense shadows.

Above, the sky rounds its deep hollow dome,
Sprinkled with gold stars of the night,
In its blue float white clouds of the day,
And sunbeams that dazzle our sight.

From fast melting snow pours the water,
O'er the wall in foam-white river,
And in threads, like silvery arrows,
Speeding from a well-filled quiver.

In the silvery long waterfall,
That thunders on the air its loud roar,
When on rocks that project it dashes,
Or on debris that lines the low floor.

Wonderful in its august splendor,
Its power and greatness of line,
Flashing gleams, as from pure white crystals,
With rainbows in the spray and sunshine.

When viewed from the "Point Inspiration,"
These wonders so greatly sublime,
That have grown up through the long ages,
From the earliest periods of time.

Then with awe sublime, they inspire us,
 These crowned heads so high to our sight,
As mountain chiefs, white gods of the day,
 But are as grim dark titans by night.

Awe with reverence greater to Him,
 Who fashioned these wonderful things ;
With the marvels of beauty and greatness,
 And the glories to nature He brings.

The tall trees that grow up from their base,
 Are as shrubs that fringe round their feet,
When in hollows below their high heads
 The green pines are with beauty replete.

To see daily or live in their shade,
Strange and unfamiliar would be,
As the crash, the thunder and the roar
Of storm waves, that break over the sea.

And more wierd when the daylight is gone,
When dark shadows lie still and deep,
As if nature had shut her eyelids
In her last, and long dreamless sleep.

When the pale moon comes up in the night,
And flames her white light o'er these heads,
Then the shadows sink deeper away,
In lone nooks of the lone valley bed.

Or when she in all her white glory,
Looks over each towering height,
Renewing this wild of rare wonders,
With her silvery transforming light,

Then the lone deep is changed, as by magic,
To a vale of fairies and gnomes,
Where in the shrubs, trees and the grasses,
They may still have their fanciful homes.

We wind in among trees and bushes
Of trail, to a deep shady dell,
And hear the rush and roar of the river,
Hurrying through its sea-deep well.

And we look down to see from the height,
Of the trail near "Ah-wi-yah's" white fall,
The rock titans bending around it
In the protecting cup-like wall.

Climbing the gamboling fall to see,
Before us looms "Liberty Cap,"
In a deeper dark shade of the grey,
Than titans in the valley's deep lap.

Here "Ah-wi-yah's" swift waters flash forms,
Like troops of white angels, with crown
On heads, thrown ball-like, floating thin robes,
As of foamy feathery down.

And beyond in the grey misty clouds
Of the thin and vapory spray,
Rainbows flit in, and the sunbeams flash,
Like millions of fairies in play.

And below where the rocky trail ends,
Where "Liberty Cap" throws a shade
By the side of a mossy lined grotto
And green trees as in forest glade.

Neath the leafy shade flows the water,
Of the grassy-green "Vernal Fall,"
Flashing and leaping to the valley bed
By the trees and the jagged wall.

A fairy-like mossy-lined grotto,
Slow-dripping, pearly drops of dew,
Opens out to the glassy clear fall,
In light of a golden-green hue.

Fit place for wood-nymphs and naiads,
Mid mosses and feathery fern,
But with music of the loud waterfall,
For wimpling of a greenwood burn.

But when come the frosts of late autumn,
To star grasses, rocks and the trees,
Dissolving in the sunbeams of morning
And glinting like dew on the leaves.

Then deepens the tone of their colors,
The yellow to an orange hue,
More brilliant and glossy the varied reds,
In thin haze of the softest blue.

That hang in mist wreaths o'er the meadows,
As it floats surpassingly fair,
And is pierced by the lance-like sun-rays,
Ere it melts away into thin air.

The mist in coil, like an Almeh-wound veil,
Round the "Sentinel" twines and falls,
Hangs here and there in thin gauzy fold,
To soften, and to hide the dark walls.

Rapid the change of the varied colors,
After rains in these autumn days,
Amber shades deepen, the red leaves burn,
And tints flash through the mist and the haze.

Vale of weird enchantment and wonder,
By the summer suns and winds thrilled,
How bleak, lone and cold when with winter,
All its leaves, and its waters are chilled.

WEBER VALLEY.

Coming through a defile in the mountains,
In bright beauty bursts on the view,
A large rounded meadow-like valley
Of green grass, with gold shining through.

A strikingly mixed dreamy wonder
Like a paradisaical vision ;—
Low homes nestle deep in the greenness,
Of fields sweet as the elysian.

Silver poplars dot the green meadows
Mingling with the darker hued trees ;
Leaves lightly floating in the white air,
And the faintest of cooling breeze.

Wild roses in deepening pink color
Are blooming by the low cottage side ;
Here the larks sing in dew of the morning
Their sweet songs as in joyous pride.

And the Wasatch mountains in grandeur,
Snow-white from the valley arise
In morning glowing in white splendor,
In the eve swept with ruby-red dyes.

Climbing blue dome of the sky to meet
If we Ossa on Pelion pile,
These towering heights would o'er them bend
And look down on them with a smile.

With their heads high above the white clouds,
They look up to the beautiful stars ;
But far below the sunset now paints
Its golden and crimsoning bars.

And spreading abroad their white mantles
To cover large space of the world,
That from cloud-crowned crests through all ages,
Snow-white banners might be unfurled.

Mountain peaks stretch away to the south,
Half-walling the valley around,
But sloping to meet the red-green heights
Of the eastern and northern bound.

The low swells of sandstone sharpsided,
Are covered with tender green o'er,
And metallic, as mountains would be,
Of iron, or cinabar ore.

And the contrast is strangely pleasing,
With the wonder of greenness that goes
Far up the sides of the mountains to meet
The still greater wonder of snows.

The Weber crystal clear glides through it,
Glassing the alabaster-like walls
In turrets and spires of cathedrals
And in frozen river-like falls.

Now o'er all shine the sun-rays of evening,
 Goldenizing the peaks of white snow,
And goldenizing the bright green grasses
 In the valley of strange charm below ;

That lies in the bosom of mountains
 In a rest as quiet and deep,
As when guarded by heaven's white angels,
 Rests a fair young child in its sleep.

WEBER AND ECHO CANONS.

From the bright green Eden-like valley,
From the wonderful mountains of snow,
Through a pass in the cinabar heights,
To these mountain gorges we go.

Through these cañons enchantingly wild
And so quaintly novel and strange,
Alternating and mixed with the hills
That rise in a long broken range.

Or with hills trending green with low shrubs
In a rounded or knoll-like form ;
Hills sharply outlined, abrupt in rise,
Where waters rush down in a storm.

And dark walls weird in shape frowning,
Lift in pile and pillar of rocks,
As wrought by the strong hand of masons,
Fluted column, shaft, and piled blocks.

And ever the long gorge is changing
Its features of rock and of hill;
While among them rushes the river,
Here and there at its own sweet will.

Many times we cross its swift waters
In passing these wild cañons through;
While astonished our eyes behold
The strange wonders presented to view.

Here gray rock lifts its large dark columns
In a high and long palisade ;
It, an army might use for defence,
With no fear of storm by wild raid.

Then the massed piles of rock in grand form,
Like heavy embattlements near,
Hide the large and strong fortress whose top
Looks over them just in the rear.

Grassy belts along the curved pathway
And green nooks between the hills lie,
Where silvery the waters are flowing
When white sun-rays fill the blue sky.

Now the high walls open before us
Like the yawning of some deep abyss,
As if Pluto had opened a storm-gate,
To the regions of dark Erebus.

The walled sides a grand arch supporting,
A massed pile of dull grey rock ;—
The buttresses alone remaining,
In solid and close fitting block.

Foamy waters flow down the dark chasm,
Swiftly plunging and tumbling through,
For the warm skies to raise and distil,
Then let fall in sweet evening dew.

When lies through the mountains our pathway,
Thus hiding their grandeur from view,
Loss then to sight is quickly repaid
By novelty strangely new.

A long sloping hill, and high reaching;
Wide-spread its bare open side;
From base to top spanned by low walls,
That enclose a narrow smooth slide.

In short columns of stone o'er-lapping,
Dark and heavy near the hill's base;—
As it lifts to the bold crown graded,
But keeps for the slide even space.

When the hill is mirrored and doubled
In the water around its base,
Beauty is given to the singular lines
In a modified, softened grace.

Here is piled large boulder on boulder,
Like some ancient high pulpit, where
Above the people, the preacher's voice
Is heard in the sermon and prayer.

While among the bold rocks and mountains,
Sleep sweet echoes, that softly hide,
Till by loud sounds they are awakened,
Like our shouts, to mock and deride,

That repeat as astonished, our phrases,
Our exclaim give back for exclaim,
To their quiet, they then hie away ; —
And in a long silence remain.

Beneath it, we may stand by fifties
Where over-hangs a wide-spread rock,
That mounts up like a hill above us,
In a vast immense solid block.

Its large bulk lower and back pressing,
Deep into the hills for its bed,
While its dark front shoots up like a cap,
Whose flat half hangs high overhead.

Now, castles like homes for giants ;
Or high buttes lift up in long row ;
And well filled is the wide space between
That was open in the long ago ;

With the broken and fallen debris,
Of red bricks from the high castle walls,
And mortar with green weeds over grown
That blocks the pathway into their halls.

And near by are more crumbling ruins,
Like old castles of the feudal times ;
While below are the green grassy hills
Redolent of summer's sweet thyme.

Here and there is a tall and lone shaft
With rock castles—fit place for gnomes,
Grass-clad mountains and warm sunny nooks
Where coyotes may find their homes.

Strange freaks of nature mighty and grand
Wildly weird in shape, are so planned,
By Him who fashions the universe,
And adorns it with artist hand.

And a charm has this wild of quick change
So deftly are mixed its strange freaks ;
The wayward and grand all so softened
By greens that drape hillsides and peaks.

These give grace to grandeur by contrast,
And they soften all sharp defects ;
Tender greenness and sunlit waters,
Produce strangely pleasing effects.

Beautiful are all in the bright sunbeams
Of dewy morning, and in the long noons,
They light up the streams
With silvery gleams. [blooms.
Make the waters light foam, like showers of white

And mined through are the hearts of three mountains,
And the fast stream is well bridged o'er and o'er

For path through this piled,
And beautiful wild,
From the prairie to the ocean's smooth shore.

And all these quaintly fantastic wild forms
Are strangely pleasing and attractive to sight,
When comes up the white moon,
To light the weird dark gloom,
Over the mountains and hills in the night.

Then spindles taller, the points that shoot up,
Into an airy, light, feathery grace,
Enlarge rocky fells,
The castles and swells
Into higher, broader, and far deeper space.

The fairies with leaves
May dance in the breeze,
And the elves in the white foaming water,
But giants and gnomes
In their castled homes,
Cheer no longer with loud songs and laughter.

GRAND CANON OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

When the evening sun in splendor
Sets in gold and crimson glow,
Through the cañon streams a soft light,
Like the sunset's afterglow.

And, where near its topmost border
Grows the fringing shrub or tree,
There, through them, the brilliant colors
Gleam in glories rare to see.

Flashing crimson, red and golden,
Brightest blue and tender green,
Suffusing all the trees and bushes
With a wonder-gleaming sheen.

Shooting through the narrow crevice
And athwart the climbing vines,
Marking every clinging tendril,
That amid the tangle twines.

Gleaming near the roaring waters,
Dashing o'er the rocky height,
Leaping waves like molten silver,
Sparkling in the wonder-light.

Adown the walls high and massive,
Walls of creamy-tinted rock,
Nature-chiseled frieze and column,
And the smooth and ragged rock.

Through the ages—Sunset splendor
Swept the grandeur of this wild,
Like glory, winged from court of heaven,
'Till it in its beauty smiled.

And the years reveal new marvels
Of this wondrous mountain height,
Bursting into gorgeous splendors
With each sunset's glowing light.

MOUNT SHASTA.

Tehesta, queenly and beautiful,
Uplifts her commanding form
O'er Sierra's high peaks, ice-polished,
Forests and long valleys warm.

Enrobed in a mantle of crystals,
Glistening as dew on the leaves,
With tints of the rose through it shining,
As o'er the lava it weaves.

And down through large glacial ice-blocks,
That gorge her sides with its stream,
A wonder-bright hue of greenness
Like emeralds sparkling gleam.

And in the deep fold of some crevice
Glow, reflected heaven's deep blue,
Where stars peer down in the night-time,
And the moon's white face we view.

While in her bosom, slumbering,
Is liquid, volcanic fire,
Some nether force, active, awaiting
To pour out its burning ire ;

As, when in some past whirling cycle
Was heavenward thrown this tall form,
By the seething, surging, pent fury
Of a fierce, volcanic storm.

Her head is crowned with a diadem
Of the brilliant, golden stars,
And her jeweled robe, the evening sun
Then ribbons with crimson bars.

'Till it glistening glows, when the moon
Shines with her silvery light,
In her swift march with the starry throng
To beautify the still night.

And, alone, the fair Butte in splendor
Stands at the head of a host
Of high mountain peaks in their grandeur,
That range along with sea-coast.

And as fair among them and peerless
As Luna mid starry orbs,
Though she beats not time to their measure,
Yet with them her warm heart throbs.

And spotless in silvery glory
Is the bright sparkling Butte,
As a queen in purity, holy,
Grand, majestic, and mute.

THE GOLDEN GATE.

Long ago, mid years that sleep in the past,
Like a coast line guard, the mountains were massed
From north to south of this western strand
Guarding unknown wealth of the inner land.

But there came a day, when this wall of rock
Was riven in twain by an earthquake shock ;
And the ebb and flow of the mighty tide
Wore away the rock walls and opened it wide.

And rushing waters, exultant and free,
From fathomless depths of the mighty sea,
Swept in afar, over lowland and plain,
'Till a bay was formed from the rolling main.

In the dewy hush of the evening gray,
A band of Franciscans, knelt down to pray,
On rolling dunes that here scattering stray
Along the shores of this beautiful Bay.

And then to the waters that stretched away,
They gave the name "San Francisco Bay ;"
And planted a cross on the mountain Lone,
And mingled their prayers with the ocean's moan.

And the rolling years heard the march of feet,
And ploughing of waves by a swift-winged fleet ;
And merchant vessels that swept through the Gate,
In the early morn and the evening late,

Beheld what St. Francis' fathers had done
In the land, which lies towards the setting sun ;
But not one of the many could e'er lay claim,
To the giving the Gate its Golden name.

For long e'er the land was so largely known,
Rich fleets had sailed in from every zone ;
And each comer knew of the Golden Gate,
But no one then knew of the Golden State.

Now, the Golden Gate is a household word,
Piercing many a heart as if by a sword,
And for the many who sailed through the Gate,
Loved ones still linger, they watch and they wait.

But still it lies in its beauty and pride,
And ships through its beautiful waters glide :
While away to the north from the open sea
The rock-hills fall down, as on bended knee.

Then sharply turning, from Point Bonito,
A spur from the hills of Saucelito,
They running eastward then form a dark wall,
From whose dun heights the many sea-birds call.

And the red-brown heights, these autumnal days,
Are softly enwrapped in a purpling haze,
Which tinges the water and reaches across,
And tinges the grey rocks of Point Lobos.

While above and away, drifts the creamy sand
In hills, and in dunes, and in level land ;
While still farther on, is a long, wide reach,
Where the tide sweeps in o'er a sandy beach.

Touching the low swells, which come sloping down,
From the distant grey of the hilly town,
Where in green and yellow are flowers and trees
Around beautiful homes that delight and please.

Just beyond the reach of the highest tide,
And embowered with vines on every side,
Stands a lowly cottage with open door,
To let in the breeze from the ocean shore.

And up from the rocks, that line the long shore,
Come the low weird sounds of the seals' harsh roar,
As they sport and play, where the green sea laves
The high rocky cliffs with its briny waves.

And the Farralone Isles loom up in the west,
A landmark to guide the mariner's quest,
Searching it may be, for the Golden Gate,
Espies the dark Isles in the evening late.

And the beacon lights, from the light-house towers,
Shine over the waves, through the long, dark hours,
And ships come and go through the lighted way,
Passing to and fro, in and out from the Bay.

While the ships incoming from lands afar,
Hail a Pilot to guide them over the bar ;
Where the splash of waves and the breakers' roar,
Mingle with call of the seals' on the shore.

And we watch the ships, as they come and go,
The large and the small, the swift and the slow,
And think of the many, from near and far,
Who are coming and going neath every star.

From India's coast and the northern seas,
From New Zealand's Isle and the Hebrides,
From the dark Continento's warm sultry shores,
From Asia's border, and the Isles of Azores.

They proudly pass through, with their sails unfurled,
From the many ports of the wide, wide world,
While the differing flags, that float on the breeze,
Bring thought of the lands, that lie over the seas.

Safely crossing the bar they sail into port,
Which is guarded for aye by many a fort,
To where all the ships in security lay
In the fair and large San Francisco Bay.

And this Golden Gate is open ever,
A gateway for nations it stands forever,
To the fruitful valley, bay, river and lake,
And gold-bearing hill, of the Golden State.

UP THE SAN JOAQUIN.

Up the long river, from the wide-spread bay,
In its serpentine course, we wend our way,
Through valleys and fields and marsh-like sedge,
'Tween lithe green willows, that bend o'er its edge.

Through a region level, and grand and vast,
Where long it has coursed through years that are past,
In its spring-time fullness of rapid flow,
Or through the summer, when waters are low.

We see the long reach of vales to the north,
Or the smooth broad sweep that trends to the south,
Now gay with bright flowers in this sweet spring-time,
But touched in the winter with frosty rime.

And meadows and fields, in spring-bloom so fair,
We see many a league in the pale blue air,
And the now green wheat will yellow as gold
Be harvested, ere the young spring grows old.

Through enchanting scenes winds this tree-fringed
stream,

Where hangs the mirage like a mystic dream,
And where ever floats a wild tangled maze
Of vapory white and violet haze.

Where the mist at eve in tremulous fear
Creeps up the hills in ethereal air,
And spreads o'er the valley its filmy webs,
For winds to whirl up in vapory shreds.

Here across the wide space on either side,
High mountains are seen in grandeur and pride ;
The bold Sierra, a wall in the east ;
The Coast Range mountains, a bank in the west.

While we look far o'er this bounded space,
Where the limpid streams with vales interlace,
We think of what space, must there seem to be,
Far out on the boundless billowy sea.

Where the sky's deep arch in beauty serene,
Or the shimmering waves alone may be seen,
As the sun flashes o'er them beams of light,
Or the pale moon and stars shine down at night.

Or the fleecy mass of cumulus clouds,
That betoken a storm and blackening shrouds,
When the lightning will shoot, with the falling rain,
As the petrel skims o'er the glassy main.

And from these high peaks, whose bold heads of light
That ever are crowned with a robe of white,
Large ships may be seen as they sail away
Down the western sea in the sun-bright day.

And thy wrinkled course, fair stream, may be traced,
In brightness that never can be effaced,
To where through the bays lined with hills and vales,
Float the many white boats with unfurled sails.

And afar to the west, where sea and sky meet,
And swelling waves dash the rock crests to greet,
Where the golden sun on the drifting clouds
Flashes his glòry in deep crimson floods.

But for thy fair waters, that sparkling, gleam,
We've left mount and sea, O beautiful stream,
And as vanishing pictures, mingle and blend,
So the views of to-day with thy waters trend.

NOTE.—“The San Joaquin River obtains its waters from the living glaciers of Mount Ritter, the minarets and other lofty peaks of the main chain of the Sierra Nevada Mountains.”—*J. M. Hutchings.*

MONTE DEL DIABLO.

Inland to the east of the Golden Gate,
In the Coast Range hills of the Sunset State,
Towers this cone-shaped mount high, bold and grand,
Like a sentinel stationed to guard the land.

It smiles on vales, sweeping down from the north,
From Mt. Shasta's feet to Tehachapi's south,
On its beauty and bloom in sweet spring-time,
Or its glittering sheen of cold winter rime.

And its shadow falls on this, or that side,
In sunshine of morn or the evening tide :
And waves of ocean its rocky base lave
As inflowing they mix with bay-river wave.

Sees snow-crowned mountains far up in the north,
And away to rolling sandhills in the south;
From where morning's sun light the Sierra's cones,
To where at eve he gilds the Harralones.

And thus it has stood through ages long past,
But o'er its brow a dark veil has been cast,
As tradition tells of a long ago time
When strange deeds were done in this sun-bright clime.

When the doom of many were sealed on this height,
And it shone afar in the darkening night,
As on it burned fires, lit by human hands,
For the mystic rites of the savage bands.

Or as signal light to some warrior's band,
Hastening by night to the valley land,
To meet the grim hordes, of the savage race,
That chose their home in the wild mountain pass.

But from time unknown, through a rune-like lore,
Did the Indians gather their tales of yore,
And Romish priests out of tradition's maze
Learned the strange acts of this landmark of days.

It was said, that red flames leaped forth in the night,
And demon-like shapes glided over the height,
And strange fearful sounds marked this mountain cone,
As the dark wild home of some evil one.

Perhaps they, the wild storms of wind and rain,
That raised the river and covered the plain,
With the earthquake terror, that opened the mount,
And made bays of the sea,—placed to his account.

Hence the Fathers, heeding not Nature's claim,
Gave to this mountain its evil-fraught name,
Forgetting that Nature, God's acting laws,
Would trace all weird things from effect to cause.

But a landmark, we of to-day behold,
Majestic in mien, stately, grand and bold,
Divested of all weird tales of the past
Save the name, that sleeps on its wondrous crest.

But here, all unmoved by the evil name,
The flight of the storm clouds is seen the same,
And the Signalist stands with hand on the keys
And flashes their passage over the seas.

And when in the valleys pile fog and mist,
Bright sunbeams will over this high crest drift,
And though here alone the Signalist stands
With naught but a speculum in his hands.

Yet his thoughts wing their airy noiseless flight,
Afar to the north, to Mt. Shasta's height,
And quick as the flash of the gleaming ray,
The answer is speeding on its swift way.

The turn of the glass, Mt. Hamilton speaks
And talks of the wonders of nature's freaks,
Of what it beholds in the South far away,
As here he watches the elements play.

So thought speaks to thought with the flash of light,
Ignoring distance and time in its flight,
Till the name dies out in the good that appears,
As the tidings come down through the fleeing years.

Bold crested height of rare service to man,
This lesson you teach, whatever the plan;
Though circumstance may with ill cloud a name,—
The good use of life will bring honored fame.

“LA PIEDRA PINTADA.”

OR, THE PAINTED ROCK OF SAN LUIS OBISPO.

On a height of the Coast Range mountains,
Inland, far above the blue sea,
Lies a dimpling wide-spread basin,
Lone Carissa's long plain or lea.

While never a stream runs from it,
To the centre it gently inclines,
Where in winter a salt lake forms,
And in summer a salt bed shines.

Each rock on the hills surrounding,
Is stamped like some symbolic page,
That tells of a strange race, extinct,
In the world's prehistoric age.

But like some mountain cathedral,
Intact on the bed of the lea,
"La Piedra Pintada" towers.
Opening out to the western sea.

A singular, strange formation,
Ragged, unique, immense and high,
An inner temple inclosing,
Whose strange wonders fasten the eye.

And sea-washed in bygone ages
Was the high plateau of salt lands,
The wonderful amphitheatre
Where this vast painted rock now stands.

For the ocean has left his footprints,
Fossil shells everywhere abound,
They carpet the rolling hill-tops,
They pave the high mountains around.

They fleck this wonderful temple,—
Monumental of time passed by,—
Whose walls thus wrought and carved strangely,
Firm abide, while the ages fly.

And within is a vast chamber,
And large as some grand palace hall,
Where strange, rude, mystical figures,
Are portrayed on the high rock wall.

Records, archæological,
Of some strange prehistoric race,
For the symbols and forms are proof
Of a people unknown to the place.

Here are wheels and suns and altars,
And rude banners and belts and spears,
And forms of men and animals,
Uneffaced by corroding years.

And on the face of the rocks around,
Are forms with bright rubric signs seen,
On the walls of the inner chamber
And against its broad sides they lean.

Marvelous cone-like cathedral!

Strange, weird wonder of this lone wild!
Your quaintly bright colored symbols,
Our thoughts have most strangely beguiled.

In the temple's large inner domain,
Safely sheltered from mountain storms,
Did that unknown race assemble
To worship these symbolic forms?

Or was this the Court of Justice,
Where they talked of effect and cause,
And lacking a written language
On the rock-walls engraved their laws.

And is its fame less, that to-day
The round court a fold is for sheep,
Where they are called in by thousands,
When night falls, or wild storms the hills sweep?

A strange marvel still it remains,
Attractive and weirdly unique,
While the mountain near the cone-swell,
Seems a rival with its high peak.

Scenes of beauty are seen from the rock,
Valley-plains and rivers and lakes ;
Tall plane-trees, and willows by streams,
And over the hills the live-oaks.

Historic rock rich with records
Well stored is your volume so vast,
In the close-sealed book, what knowledge
Hold you of a time in the past?

What men lived below in the vales,
By streams, and on the tree-crowned hill?
Whose history is stamped on your face?
Whose archives your temple now fill?

O unrevealed work of past time,
On this rock-height grandly you stand;
Waiting its seals to be broken
To add lore to the lore of our land.

UP AND FROM MT. DIABLO.

Up from the breezy and low level plain
Of a sunny vale, green with grass and grain,
Fringed with madrona, dark firs, and green bay,
Bright with sweet flowers and the rivulet's play.

By orchards and fields we speed on the way,
Up the flower-decked hills in the waning day,
Glowing in sunbeams, that play o'er the swells,
And toy with shadows in the deepening dells.

We leave the low hills and ravine of pines,
Live-oaks, laurels, manzanita and vines,
And far up the mountain are we in our climb,
When lost are the sunbeams in grey foggy rime.

But the breeze is cool and our hearts are gay,
So we turn not back, but still upward stray,
'Till we reach the crest of the mountain high,
In a sea of mist that hides earth and sky.

When out of the gloom, there breaks a surprise
Of sunbeam's splendor on our dazzled eyes,
In billowy roll, the mist, dense and gray,
Folds up like a curtain and floats away.

And streams of gold light from the low bright sun
Pour in, where, so late, all was gray and dun,
Then spangles of gold illumine the lea,
And molten gold is the far-away sea.

Like an Eden, vales in the wonder-light lie,
The hills and waters in the golden-hued dye,
Transfused is the air, and each shimmering wave,
And glorious gleam, all in the bound lave.

O beautiful storm of golden sun-rays,
That burst from the mist's dark cloudy grays,
In such radiant beams o'er water and plain—
Are your glories, too fleeting, for earth to retain?

LONE MOUNTAIN.

Up, from the sea-washed walls of the Golden Gate,
Spreads a city o'er hills in wide estate,
From the Mountain Lone, cross-crested and lorn,
In quiet it lies in the violet morn.

A city of marble walls, towers, and domes,
Of broken columns and of silent homes,
'Mid the springing grasses and flowers and trees,
And music of birds on the morning breeze.

Below foam the waves of the surging sea,
That ever in calm or in storm swell free :—
Ships sail in and out through the Golden Gate,
Ships, laden with more than a golden freight.

And many, who land from ships that come in,
Will never sail out with the fleet again,
But will rest in the city above the sea,
Till they wake in the newness of life to be.

Will rest in the quiet, mid flowers and trees,
And singing of birds, and the hum of bees ;
Away from the sound of the loud sea's roar,
As it surges and breaks on the sunset shore.

Ships sail away—but the city is left,
In the silence that sighs of life bereft—
Sail away through the mist and gloom of night
To a flowery land steeped in morning light.

Where through amethyst haze glows the city of light
And water-streams flow in their crystal white,
And pearl-filled gates in the walls of bright gems,
And glory that sifts through the golden realms.

And the Golden Gate by the river of life,
Through it, the Christ-named pass to the city of life;
These frul their sails, by the evergreen shore,
In the dawn, when sapphire tints through soft light
pour.

Ships will sail to and from earth's shores of land,—
And ships will sail out from a voiceless strand,
From the life lived here to the life beyond,
While ever the cycles of time move round.

THE MAMMOTH TREES.

SEQUOIA GIGANTEA.

These Sequoias Gigantea,
The wonder-grove of Mariposa,
Stand in quiet grave and deep,
As sleeps the vale of Valambrosa.

And the trees of Calaveras,
Around whose heads, above tall pines,
The last bright rays of evening sun
In auriole of gold mist shines.

Here prostrate lies a monarch grand,
Hollow, with roomy opening wide,
Where a plumed knight on stalwart steed,
Far through the large, long trunk may ride.

While stands his mate in self same dress,
A branchless form, with no arms spread,
That looms, as some high castle tower
With sprigs, like palm-fronds round her head.

Apart in groves of fragrant pines,
And scattered stand the monarchs few,
And in size and height far more grand,
Than till late days the world ere knew.

Living wonders, breathing, pulsing,
When Imperial Rome was young,
When the voices of her sages,
Through Senate Hall and Forum rung.

Tender shoots when stars were worshipped,—
So upward went Rome's pious thought,—
When her wise men and great rulers,
The best in their great age, then wrought.

Tall young saplings, tender growing,
In sweet freshness of their new life,
Among the pines, ferns and mosses,
With Sabbath rest and stillness rife.

Ere the dawn of the Christian era,
When men, enlightened, were unknown
Save among the Greeks and Romans,
Where learning held her highest throne.

New coats forming, when great praises,
 Their orators and poets sung,
When loud plaudits for their heroes
 From statesmen through their Senate rung.

Living, growing, down the era
 Of the Christian's long potent sway,
Through the changes wrought by loving,
 Felt in all earth's lands to-day.

If germs from which their large forms sprung,
 Had lain by the Adriatic
In them, what tales might now lie hid,
 Of great deeds, grand and heroic.

History has not on her pages :
Deeds of sacrifice, for the love
And best good of unborn ages,
That would our hearts most deeply move.

August wonders ! pulsing titans !
Well may you inspire awe sublime ;
You alone of living marvels
Breathing have bridged this space of time.

SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

O wide-spreading green water
Of this fair sunset bay !
Flashing ever when wind-blown
A silvery-white spray,

From short broken wavelets :—
And dashing foam-crested
Like flocks of startled sea-birds
White-winged and white-breasted.

And the sea-like space bordered
By mountains and hills,—
The tossing sun-lit white pearl-drops
It so gracefully fills.

Are these sea-nymphs and naiads,
Who so come in grand state,
With the white wings of the storm-wind
Through the Golden Gate?

To hold a carnival gleeful
With their snowy confects,
To charm with its swift motion
And fine, novel effects.

To add a new grace of beauty,
Did they weave and bring in,
This soft vapory veiling
To fold on and to pin.

Over the violet mountains
With such beauty and grace,
As tries a fair, modest maiden
To half-hide her sweet face.

For this sally of the naiads
And nymphs, Neptune fumes
And throws his cool breath in anger
Up in stormy volumes ;

And through the opened gate waves it
In a billowy roll,—
In the fleecy heap and tumbled
Of a snowy white scroll :

Blows the clouds of white vapor,
In and over the bay,
'Till they find in the cañons
Of the brown hills a stay.

And large islands like mountains
From the water lift up,
Apart, spread in long ridges,
Or deep inverted cup.

And these are mellowed and softened
By some lovely pale hue,
Of violet, of purple,
Or of pearl-white and blue.

And tall mountains, majestic
With their purple caps crowned,
Smile, as pleased with the grandeur
Of the fair scene around.

When sleep bleak winds and stormy,
In the calm autumn days,
Then in soft folds and gossamer,
Comes the fair veiling haze.

With amethystine tints gleaming,
That thinly covers and fills
The air over the water,
Over plains and the hills.

Then is changed the flashing water
To an opaline sea—
As through the opaline air
The many boats sail free.

In storms of wind, or airs balmy,
In clear light, or soft haze,
Attractive is thy fair beauty
In its every phase.

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FIRST ARBOR DAY.

AT YERBA BUENA ISLAND, NOVEMBER 27, 1886.

Yerba Buena's western slope,
That steeply shelves to water flow,
Is bright with life this Arbor Day,
Though pale the autumn sunbeams glow.

To the brown arm, that o'er the hill
From eastern slope 'mid verdure strays,
The children come, each with a tree
To plant for use in future days.

Earth parts with her bright robe of green,
With germs of spring-time, flowers of gold,
That they may lay a life-lit cross
On sandy brown, and rocky mold.

A cross, wherein their planted trees
Will crown with wealth the sterile sod,
For all things good and best for man,
Are the things owned and blest of God.

So, that upon this island quaint,
The eucalipti and fragrant pines,
Will, through the years, a lesson teach
To those, who read between the lines.

And, when in future years they come,
Proud their tall trees to see and know,
And understand this aid divine,
Their faith in God will stronger grow.

Though o'er the hillsides, groves will spring
From Arbor Days, as swift years flee ;
But dearest held among them all,
The first, the crusader's cross will be.

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA.

A DAY IN MIDWINTER.

Back from the classic collegiate halls,
The long mountains rear their rounded walls,
Enrobed in a mantle of tender green,
Or dashed with the shades that lie between.

Near the halls are groves of differing trees,
Whose evergreen branches wave in the breeze,
And on the lawns, as in a sunny room
Through all the year long, the bright flowers bloom.

Here and there are trees, eucalyptus and bay,
In groves and in belts, where lowlands stray ;
And across the fields in its fair estate
Gleams the crystal path through the Golden Gate.

In summer-like sweetness as birds in June,
Meadow-larks warble their short sweet tune,
In the open fields amid grass and grain,
As summer-birds sing after showers of rain.

And the Cottager's door stands open wide,
To let in the breeze on the sunny side,
The breeze that is soft and as balmy to-day,
As when apple-trees bloom in flowery May.

And flowering shrubs of a warmer clime
The accacia bright in its yellow rime,
And rarest roses, that in June days bloom,
Spread o'er this beauty their rich perfume

Lovely scenes in this sunshine and calm,
That smile in peace, soft as a whispered psalm,
Or glow in hues, spreading rich and rare—
As a garden of the Lord, ye seem so fair.

OVER THE BAY.

SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

Over the bay the gray mist creeps down ;—
Over the island's emerald crown,—
And softly veils its mirror-like face,
And dims its sunny-bright, sparkling grace.

Over it sifts the feathery spray,
And drifts into dells mid hills away
Over the island's abrupt outlines,
Yerba Buena's live oaks and vines.

Over it spreads like a falling cloud
When night drops down its blackening shroud ;
Then one by one, the gold stars look through,
And moonbeams play in its spray-like dew.

Over the bay breaks the morning's light,
In crimson glow from the mists of night,
Softly the morning stars melt away,
And sink in the beams of golden day.

Over the meadows, over the plain,
Over green fields of the tender grain,
Over the hills in emerald fold,
Float the wide waves of shimmering gold.

So along the path that leads to God
A gold light lifts o'er the misty sod:—
Like the shimmering rays of golden morn,
Or the beautiful hues that eve adorn.

CHOW-CHIL-LA.

MARIPOSA COUNTY.

Where Sequoia trees, the wawona,
Lift their large forms tall and fair,
There lifts above them the Chow-chil-la,
Its proud head in higher air.

And grand among the higher mountains,
With graceful, gigantic things,
Where the loud roar of bear and lion
From their rocky stronghold rings.

Down the long side leaps Chil-noo-al-na
In deep chasm, o'er beetling crag,
Where on the brink, with step arrested,
Halts the springing, bounding stag.

Chil-noo-al-na's dashing waters
In rocky channel speeds away,
Boldly leaping, loudly shouting,
In thundertones its roaring lay.

The dashing, foaming, sparkling water,—
Brightening dull earth with its light.—
Of bold Chow-chil-la's rock-veined mountain
With its gleams of silver-white.

Like sentinels the trees Sequoia
Stand in group anear its base,
To guard as titans a grand monarch
Of gigantic, noble race.

Trees the mightiest among wood-kings,
Large and tall in sylvan grace,
And fairest of titanic wood-nymphs
Are here grouped in narrow space.

Grander swells rock-seamed Chow-chil-la,
Fairer for their beauty bright,
While water of the Chil-noo-al-na,
Graces it with sparkling light.

As round forms human, rough and stalwart,
Graces gleam, that all hearts move,
When lives with good deeds e'er are teeming,
Acts, that spring from purest love.

THE CREEK.

O little streamlet, whither away
Flow you to brighten this young spring day?
Hurrying on in your silvery line,
With ripple and glint in bright sunshine.

Whither away in your deep rock-bed,
By the mountain snows, and rain-drops fed?
Whither away in your silvery vein
Warbling and singing a merry strain?

The grasses are green in the valleys wide,
The grasses are green on the smooth hillside,
A cloudless sky is over your head,
Nodding, sweet flowers bend over your bed.

Whither away in the leafy shade
Rippling along o'er the sloping grade,
Over sand and rocks your waters play,
Or slip into pools to dry away.

Ever you're swelling with winter rains
Rolling and dashing in noisy strains,
Plunging to deepen the sandy bed
Filling the valleys with sandy lead.

When summer days come we walk along
Where your waters sang their sweet spring song,
But your bed is dry and the rocks are bare,
While breezes are blowing everywhere.

Moaning and sighing among the pines,
Swaying the branches that wave the vines,
While the gardens are bright with roses rare,
And the sun's warm beams shine everywhere.

Beautiful spring-creek and flowers and trees,
And grasses fair in dew, or the breeze ;—
Beautiful all earth in the dear God's plan
To please and make happy the life of man.

SUTRO'S STATUE OF LIBERTY.

On the Olympus by the sunset sea,
Her torch-light lifting in mid-air free,
Liberty's Statue stands high and grand,
To crown the mountain of rock and sand.

And firmly grasped, as by maid of eld,
In her right hand is the large torch held;
Pointing heaven-ward, as if to pray, that the light
Gleam, to end the reign of Slavery's night.

The sword of Justice, of its sheath bereft,
With arm extended, is held in the left:
While low at her feet the tyrant lies
With his hand upstretched to clutch the prize.

But vain his attempt to wrest the sword,—
And futile the cry of his wrathful word,—
While, he is crushed neath Liberty's heel,
With not power left to make an appeal.

For, from where, the Atlantic rolls her waves,
And near the Bertholdi statue laves
The Eastern shore of our wide-spread land
To Sutro's statue on the western strand.

No slave, in all the broad space, can breathe,
While glory round Liberty's symbols wreathes,
And love of right and greatness combined,
Glows in each citizen's heart and mind.

Far over the sea and on the bay
This tall light spreads its gleaming ray,
O'er cliffs, and far-away hills of land,
And clustered dunes, and the shore of sand.

And from the far-reaching brilliant flame,
A glory reflects on the author's name ;
For love of mankind may its strong-white fire,
The kindred mind and the heart inspire,

'Till Liberty's light blazes on the Isles
Along Asia's shores in gleaming files,
O'er Europe's sea-ports and Isles of Azores,
'Till it band the world to our free shores.

CONSERVATORY FOUNTAIN.

IN WINTER, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

On the listening ear, fall the fountain's showers,
Softly on the leaves,
As rain from the eaves ;
Or the rivulet weaves,
Round the golden sheaves,
Drops on the grass sod and the clover flowers.

As spring rain-drops fall, through fragrant air,
In glassy rain-threads
On tropic flower beds,
Where light color weds
Some rich hue, and sheds
A radiance on lily and orchis fair.

In silvery beaded lines the streams drop low ;
 On the leaves they bound
 With refreshing sound,
 As when brooks rush round
 Over pebbly ground,
Or spread in sheets of spray like mist-driven snow.

And as on the field, falls pearly summer rain,
 In showers, soft and light,
 On the daisies white,
 That with morning bright
 Ope, fresh from the night,—
Thoughtfully, singing in a low tender strain.

Like sounds of water in bright leafy June,
In the spring's cool well
Under rocky fell,
In a wildwood dell;
And sweet as the swell
That the wood lark sings in his tender tune.

But in sunbeams of fount in summer air,
Bees will come to bathe,
And humming birds lave,
In the spray's thin wave,
Neath the sky's blue nave,
While the breezes play mid its forms so fair.

So our thoughts reel their threads in sunny skeins,
As if, in leafy shade
Of a forest glade,
Where cool waters play,
And wild echoes stray,
We dream, while it seems, as if summer reigns.

THE ENCAMPMENT OF 1886.

IN SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

More than quarter of a century,
With flight of time has passed,
Since to battle for the Union's cause,
Our nation's sons were asked.

When up from every town and village
And city street there came,
Throngs of brave men, strong, true and loyal,
Each to enroll his name.

And many fierce and bloody conflicts
Could they the story tell,—
Would bear witness to their brave valor,
And duties done, as well.

And many men of these, fell victims
In the long and bitter strife,
Paid costly price to save the Union,
They giving all, with life.

Though here to-day 'neath wind-blown banners,
Their comrades march our streets,
And hear the shouts of cheering welcome
By which our city greets.

Though they march 'neath arch triumphal,
And o'er a flower-strewn way,
With mementoes—thrilling memories
Come sad to us this day.

Here the comrades bear a young eagle,
Brought from a northern wild,
For the one they bore through their battles,
'Mid ranks of soldiers filed.

That screamed, in fiercest fray the loudest,
And flapped its wings to cheer,
With screech and scream as if 't would say,
On, braves, on! have no fear.

And drums that trolled their din, with louder
Din of the battle strife :
And trophies held with the souvenir
Of many a noble life.

But most sad the sight of battered flags
 Blackened with battle smoke,
Riddled and torn with the shot and shell
 Of some fierce battle shock.

Some were tattered rags, shivered remnants ;
 Some bound to standard fast ;
One, held tenderly, out-spread and pierced,
 As by each cannon's blast.

O veterans, with war's insignia,
 Though so long since the strife,
Ye bring to us afresh the terror
 With which that time was rife.

Anew we feel the pain and anguish,
Felt in that fearful time,
When our dear ones were with their brothers
Cut down before their prime.

O days, of scenes sad and heart-rending,
In all that bloody past;
Must ye in memory ever live?
Must ye all time outlast?

TO THE PACIFIC.

O western sea, so vast and deep !
Thy restless waters in their round
E'er roll and surge, but never sleep,
And never break their measured bound.

The sun sails o'er in depths of blue,
And showers gold light upon thy face,
The moon and stars with light as true,
Silver thy waters with their grace.

O moaning sea, wave-tossed and lone !
Thy loud song with the swelling tides
Thunders along in monotone,
Adown the land-rimmed scalloped sides.

Sail ships skim o'er thy waters fair,
Like white-winged birds in easy flight,
And gleams of beauty, when the air
Breathes gently, and the day is bright.

When faintest amethystine tints
Glow in thy veil of thinnest haze,
With gold in morning light, that hints
Of summer, in soft autumn days.

When sunset lights thy glassy waves
And foamy, with its oriflame;
With glowing red thy surface laves
From clouds that blaze in sunset's flame.

O sea, we dread thee in the storm,
When the mad wind in tempest raves ;
And in many a frightful form,
Dash and break the angry waves.

When ships go down and leave no trace,
Clasped by huge waves storm-hid in night,—
But tempest-beats through widening space,
Are hushed when morning breaks in light.

O sea, earth, thee can never move,
Held in thy bound by destined plan ;
As ever the Great, Eternal Love
Encompasses the life of man.



